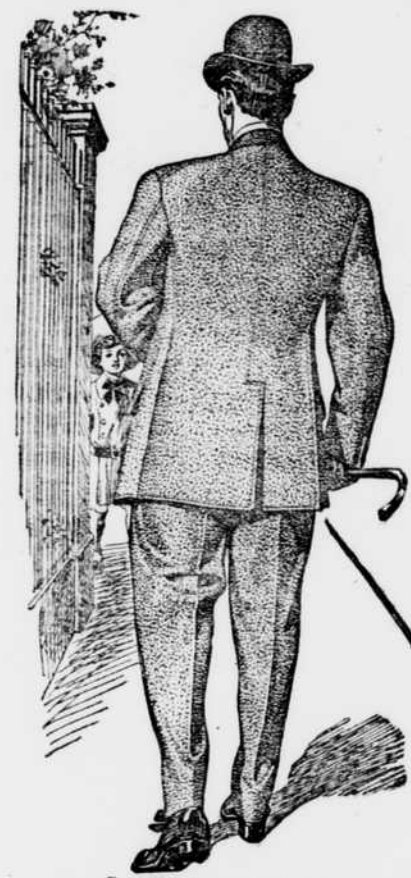


Department Store

Big Stock of General Merchandise
Groceries, Hardware, Etc.



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Hart Schaffner & Marx

AGENT FOR
Eastman Kodak Co.

Victor Gramophone Co.

Coal Oil Engines, Keystone Grease

Vienna Flour, Watch Repairs

Curios, Post Cards,

Jewelry

Hart, Schaffner & Marx

CLOTHES FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN

The Style and Quality of these Goods are well
Known, and our prices are right

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 8:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S-EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:30 P. M.
Vespers-Native service, 3:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. CORSE, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:30 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:30.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREK, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From
Here and There

The Skagway Alaskan is to install a
Herg. linotype.

Deputy Marshal Grant, Wm. Lewis
and I. Frohman are at Skagway attending
court.

Mr. Burkhardt, the Ketchikan sawmill
man, was in town last Saturday on
business.

Sam Guyot, the popular traveling man
and in on the Dolphin to buzz our
merchants.

Ole Johnson left Saturday morning to
do assessment work on the Groundhog
Basin claims.

Geo. Looker and Henry Danningberg
are logging on Woronkofski, putting in
a few trees which they threw a year or
two ago.

Dick Howard, Mr. Calkins and another
party hunted on Zarembo during
the week, returning Sunday with some
fat bucks.

Mr. Huntington, an attorney of The
Dalles, Oregon, with his wife and little
boy, have been visiting with the family
of Collector Bronson.

Well, now, what do you know about
this? Our good friend, Harry Collins,
has developed into a full-fledged travel-
ing man, and has been here for several
days, booming business. He didn't
bring any of his samples when he called
at this office; and that, too, in spite of
the fact that mercury stood at 83.

At the regular meeting of Alert Fire
Co., last Wednesday night, the follow-
ing officers were elected for the ensuing
six months: J. G. Grant, president; H.
D. Campbell, vice president; Leo Mc-
Cormack, secretary; J. G. Grant, treas-
urer; Ole Johnson, foreman; John
Hagstrom, first assistant foreman; Ed.
Lynch, second assistant foreman.

Mr. D. W. Barge and partner, fish-
men, were in town last Saturday morn-
ing with as fine a boatload of salmon as
we have seen, and presented SENTINEL
people with a fine fat king. Mr. Barge
said that he was fishing for the Peters-
burg cannery, but for some reason or
other the cannery collector had failed to
call for their fish. Consequently the
two men had thrown overboard several
hundred fish, and they were in town
to look for a market.

Sunday last Capt. Johansen took a
party consisting of F. Matheson and
wife, Mesdames Patenaude, Rastad and
Thomson, the Misses Pauline Snyder,
Lynn Worden, and Marie Thomason, H.
D. Campbell and two sons, and A. V. R.
Snyder over to his Duckland farm in his
gasoline launch Duckland. The party
came home loaded down with beautiful
wild flowers, picked on the farm, and
singing the praises of Capt. Johansen
and his beautiful country home.

At the regular meeting of Stikine
Tribe No. 5, I. O. R. M., July 7, 1908,
the following officers were installed for
the ensuing term by C. M. Coulter,
Deputy Great Inchoonah, assisted by
Past Sachem, L. M. Churchill; J. H.
Wheeler, Sachem; Ole Johnson, S. S.;
Patrick Loftus, J. S. John Schuler,
Prophet; A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.;
J. E. W. K. of W.; J. G. Grant,
Coll. of W.; L. M. Churchill, 1st S.;
Wm. Cook, 2nd S.; E. P. Lynch, 1st
W.; Wm. Lewis, 2nd W.; P. C. Jensen,
3d W.; A. T. Bennett, 4th W.; F. M.
Goodrich, G. of W.; A. Vreath, G. of
F.; S. C. Shurick, 1st B.; L. C. Mc-
Kechnie, 2nd B.; Elmer Prescott, 3d
B.; C. C. Fletcher, 4th B.; J. E. Wor-
den, Trustee.

The run of fish, so far, seems to have
been very slow. As an evidence of this
fact the A. P. A. cannery at this place
had up but 5,900 cases last Saturday,
when they should have had at least 15,
000. And reports from other canneries
are no more encouraging.

During the stay of the freight steamer
Thordis at this port last week, the chief
engineer fell over the ship's side into the
deep water, and had started down for
the third time when a rope ladder was
dropped over the side and he was taken
aboard the steamer.

Some of our people had the pleasure
of hearing some very fine singing at St.
Philip's church, last Friday evening by
Miss Hate Ramsdell, a cousin of Miss
Ella Woods, who was a passenger on
the Spokane.

Several of our citizens have been go-
ing about with very sore hands wrapped
up, the result of a bite from a poisonous
fly. From the same cause Frank Con-
ter had a serious time with one ear.

A spark from the stove pipe set fire to
the roof of the house occupied by Cecil
Denny, Sunday, but was discovered in
time to prevent further damage than
the burning of a few shingles.

The big Norwegian freighter Thordis
came in Thursday from the south with
thirteen horses for John Hyland and a
lot of other freight for points up the
Stikine River.

On the last trip of the Dolphin that
vessel ran so close alongside Muir Glac-
ier that the tourists were permitted to
land on the ice by simply crossing the
gang-plank.

Another big deposit of gold-bearing
rock has been found on Popoff Island,
in the Aleutian Peninsula. The forma-
tion resembles that at Treadwell.

The Misses Margaret and Katherine
Bronson made the last trip to Telegraph
Creek in the Distributor, the guests of
Mrs. Capt. Johnson.

Claud Erickson, representing the Se-
attle Brewing and Malting Co., and the
Alaska Soda Co., Juneau, was a passen-
ger on the Dolphin.

Now is the Time
To make your old clothes new
Try your luck with
Diamond Dyes

FIVE-FOOT ORE VEIN UNCOVERED

Report From Aaron Creek Causes
Ripple of Excitement

A five-foot vein of pure galena has
been uncovered by the crew of miners
who are developing the Aaron Creek
properties, and several sacks of the ore
were brought into town Monday. The
news has caused a great deal of excite-
ment here, there being a stir among the
idle prospectors about town, who are
making preparation to leave for the
vicinity of Aaron Creek. No stampede
is expected, but we may soon learn of
more strikes being made.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Fish Inspector Cobb made a little trip
from Juneau about a week ago, to see
how nearly the trap fishermen were
complying with the Sunday law. He
visited thirty-one traps, and the Record
says in part:

"The inspector found thirty traps wide
open and catching salmon during the
prohibited hours. Nine were making a
feeble attempt to comply with the law,
and only one trap was following the law
to the strict letter. A remarkable fact
about this trap is that the owner had his
other traps in full blast.

The fishermen and cannerymen who
have been caught almost red-handed
have rendered themselves liable to a
fine of from one to five thousand dollars
or ninety days at hard labor, or both
fine and imprisonment at the discretion
of the court.

Inspector Cobb has no alternative
other than to place his report in the
hands of the district attorney."

THE MAN AHEAD

In every newspaper we pick up we are
sure to find a gush about the man be-
hind the gun, the man behind the buzz
saw and the man behind the times and
the man behind the rents, the man be-
hind the plowshare and the man behind
the fence, the man behind the whistle
and the man behind the cars, the man
behind the kodak and the man behind
the bars, the man behind his whiskers
and the man behind his fists, and every-
thing behind has been entered on the
lists. But they have skipped a fellow
whom nothing has been said—the fellow
who is even of a little way ahead, who
pays for what he gets and whose bills
are more important than the man who is
behind. All we editors and merchants
and the whole commercial clan are in-
debted for existence to this honest
fellow-man. He keeps us all in busi-
ness and his town is never dead; and so
we take our hats off to the man who is
ahead.—Ex.

FOR BETTER SERVICE

Mr. Charles E. Fox of Juneau is cir-
culating a petition which is reported as
being almost a mile long, praying that
the steamer Humboldt be given a con-
tract for carrying the mails to and from
Southeastern Alaska. He has not yet
been at Wrangell, but if he comes here
he can count on getting the signatures
of all our citizens.

The big tides of the past few days and
nights have been doing things to boats
and other property. Tuesday morning
the floating dock and all the boats there
were high and dry. Several people are
missing wood which they supposed was
high enough to be out of reach of high
water. No serious "jokes" however,
have been played by the water.

Chas. Fox of Juneau has been in town
for several days, hustling business for
firms represented by him.

Billy Shields, the taxidermist, has a
lot of wolf and goat skins mounted in a
very artistic manner. A black bear rug
which he mounted for Donald Sinclair
is a beauty.

The Cottage City is due here from the
south tomorrow.

Walter Dort, Wm. Downing and Geo.
Snyder went hunting in the good ship
Sentinel, and got two deer.

B O O S T :

CITY STORE

DONALD SINCLAIR, Proprietor

FISHERMEN'S GOODS

Including Oiled Coats, Oiled Hats, Oiled Aprons, Oiled Sleeves, all the Best
Brands of Rubber Boots, such as the new Alaska Red Sole, Gold Seal, Ribano

Warmest and Best Blankets

Strongest and Dryest Tents

Knackerbrod and Dry Toast

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

St. Michael Trading Company

Carry a Complete Stock in All Lines of Merchandise, Including

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Paints
Oils, Crockery, Etc.

Tin Shop in Connection, in Which we are Prepared
to do Any Kind of Work in that line

WE ARE ALSO SOLE AGENTS FOR

Union Gas Engines

Chase & Sanborn Teas and Coffees

Hercules Powder

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORCERS

District Attorney Boyce and F. H.
Gray returned last week from a two or
three weeks trip among the islands on
the coast. They were in quest of birds
to mount for exhibition purposes. Dur-
ing their trip they ran across the little
whaling steamer Tyee Jr., which reported
that the station at Murder Cove had,
up to that time, taken care of thirty-five
monster whales.

The Bank Account is the name of a
very neat 8-page, 5-column paper, pub-
lished by the Scandinavian-American
Bank of Seattle. It pays to advertise.

Miss Foster, who taught the native
school at Klinkwan last winter, and an
old friend of Miss Ella Woods, is here to
spend the vacation period.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR U. S. PATENT

MINERAL SURVEY NO. 64
U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Juneau, Alaska, July 6, 1908.
NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of
the Act of Congress approved May 19, 1872,
THE OLYMPIC MINING COMPANY,
by and through Newark L. Burton, a citizen of
the United States, its duly authorized agent and
attorney in fact, whose postoffice address is June-
au, Alaska, has made application for a patent
for 150 linear feet on each of the following lodes,
viz: Helen S. No. 1 and Harvey Lodes, bearing
gold and silver, the same being 1450 feet northerly
and 50 feet southerly from the discovery shaft of
such Harvey Lode and 1500 feet northerly from
discovery shaft on the Helen S. No. 1 Lode, with
surface ground 300 feet in width on either side of
the Helen S. No. 1 Lode at the northerly end
thereof and 200 feet in width east of said lode line
and 142.54 feet in width west of said lode line at
the southerly end thereof, and 300 feet on either
side of the Harvey Lode; said lode claims being
situated in the Wrangell Mining District, in the
District of Alaska, and more particularly de-
scribed as follows:
Helen S. No. 1 Lode—Beginning at Corner No. 1,
whence U. S. L. M. No. 10 bears south 81 degrees
00 minutes east 29 feet distant; thence north 5
degrees 45 minutes west 1207 feet to Corner No. 2;
thence east 600 feet to Corner No. 3; thence
south 1500 feet to Corner No. 4; thence west
429.54 feet to Corner No. 1, the place of beginning.
Variation at all corners 30 degrees 05 min. east.
Harvey Lode—Beginning at Corner No. 1,
whence U. S. L. M. No. 10 bears south 88 degrees
20 minutes west 434.9 feet distant; thence north
1500 feet to Corner No. 2; thence east 600 feet to
Corner No. 3; thence south 1500 feet to Corner
No. 4; thence west 600 feet to Corner No. 1, the
place of beginning. Variation at all corners 30
degrees 05 minutes east.
The total area of said above-described lode min-
ing claims is 28,737 acres.
The names of adjoining claims, as shown by the
plat of survey, are the Helen S. No. 2 and Raven
Lodes on the north and White Bonanza Lode on the
south.
OLYMPIC MINING COMPANY,
By NEWARK L. BURTON,
Agent and Attorney in Fact.
Chas. Smith and Chas. Secher.
It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be
published for the statutory period in the ALASKA
SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at
Wrangell, Alaska.
JOHN W. DUDLEY,
Jul 6 Sep 17 Register.

During the stay of the Jefferson, this
writer made the acquaintance of, and
enjoyed a pleasant fraternal chat with
Mr. Dawson Mayer, managing editor of
the Jewish Times, San Francisco, who
was making the "Alaska trip" for rest
and recreation. Mr. Mayer is an enthu-
siastic San Franciscan, and says that
within a very short time the scare of the
big fire will be conspicuous only by their
absence.

Jim Weeks tried some new fangled
cylinder oil in his coal-oil marine engine
last week. But the lubricant burned
better than his regular fuel, and as he
had about exhausted his supply of the
lubricant, he was compelled to come to
town Sunday for more. But he did not
get another can of the new-fangled oil.

"Irene Barnes" is the name of a new
gasoline boat which has recently been
brought up from Astoria for the Barnes
cannery at Lake Bay, and was in town
Saturday. She is somewhat longer than
the Helen Payne, and is equipped with
powerful engines, which drive her along
at about ten miles an hour.

During the week the families of
Messrs. Miles and Chaney have arrived,
and all are now comfortably located in
the Patenaude cottages near the public
school house.

On the Fourth of July there was a
celebration at Hollenback & Ensey's
logging camp near Kaake village, and it
came near having a disastrous ending.
Mrs. Ensey fell out of a boat, and would
have drowned had not a young boy held
her head above the water until other as-
sistance could reach her.

A party of employees of the cannery
spent Sunday at Leconte Bay, going in
the launch Raven to within a few hun-
dred yards of Thunder Falls. They say
it is a fine place to spend a day, and
that it was not difficult to get the boat
close up near the glacier.

The Juneau Transcript, the only news-
paper published on the east side of Gas-
tineau Channel, is the butt of attack for
the Hoggatt-Gugg-Treadwell bunch, the
Alaska Record being the mirror in which
the hand of the bunch is reflected.

The Hoggatt-Corson outfit made an
attempt last week to injure Mr. Cale's
interests by reporting that he had
dropped out of the race for delegate.
But they were caught at it when the
favorite candidate announced that he is
still in the race, and in it to win.

John Norton has been badly under
the weather for the past three or four
weeks with an affection of the stomach.

The Shurick Drug Co.

Is open for Business with a full line of

Drugs, Medicines, Etc.

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

COURTEOUS TREATMENT AND REASONABLE
PRICES ALWAYS ASSURED

BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS
ALSO YOUR FAMILY RECIPES
WRANGELL DRUG COMPANY

Escape Measles
by disinfecting your house with
FORMALIN or CREOLIN
We have both, with directions for using

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL. ALASKA.

It may some day dawn on Harry K. Thaw that he made a big mistake when he got crazy.

The most trustworthy of all the "signs of returning confidence" are these: \$\$\$\$\$\$.

Mr. Bradstreet says the cost of living has been decreased 12 per cent. Bet Mrs. Bradstreet made the discovery.

In his desire to get out of prison and go to Congress, Caleb Powers no doubt feels that the change would do him good.

Miss Elkins seems to have violated all international marriage traditions by getting hold of a man as well as a duke.

John Burns, M. P., believes in fewer and better babies. There isn't as much milk in England as there is in this country.

A scheme to limit speeches in Parliament to five minutes. And some of the members will be able to tell all they know in less time than that.

Isn't it absurd to accuse New York society people of planning a divorce just because the husband chooses to live in London and the wife at Leixoe?

Instead of patching up our battleships, it might be easier to induce the next Hague conference to decree that no sea fighter may hit an antagonist below the armor belt.

A London paper is telling its readers "how to live on \$800 a year." The average human being would be glad of the opportunity to experiment on that income without any instructions.

A big diamond firm which failed the other day blames its trouble on "the public's craze for automobiles." The old saying may, therefore, be changed to "Stick to me and you'll ride in an automobile."

Governor Hughes gives it as his opinion that men are nine-tenths good. It is unfortunate that the nine-tenths good should always have to be at so much trouble and expense to keep the one-tenth bad from wrecking things.

The British House of Commons has passed a woman's enfranchisement bill on its first reading and put it on the shelf. The suffragettes are making headway. When a legislative body begins to throw sops it indicates that it is sitting up and taking notice.

A New York woman who had forgotten her pocketbook applied to a policeman for a dime with which to pay her car fare home. He gave her the money and has just received a \$10 bill for his politeness. This is fine; but probably the next New York policeman who hands a dime to a strange woman will be swindled.

So "Bim the Button Man" is dead. He made a fortune by holding the celluloid disk up to nature and giving his countrymen the counterfeited presentment of their presidential nominees. What lifted him from the commercial commonplace was his power to prophesy who the nominee would be and to embody that prophecy in countless buttons before the convention had even met. We are sorry that Bim has gone. But this is an unusually easy year for anyone who wants to succeed him in the presidential prophecy industry.

Apologies of its "bargain list," a firm of manufacturers announces that it recently sold "a 1907 second-hand automobile" to the vice president of one of the largest transcontinental lines; another to the president of a national bank; a third to a prominent real estate dealer; another to a famous Wall Street operator; one to a well known and popular man of leisure; another to the president of a great commercial enterprise, and yet another to a noted corporation attorney. "This is a class of buyers," it is added, "who in the past would not consider any but a new car." Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. They are not the only persons who are economizing.

France, in spite of the reputation given to it by Parisian novelists, is an exceptionally moral country, and one of the most sacred of its institutions is marriage. Divorce has never been much sought for there, and separated married couples are infrequent. For this reason the action of the French Chamber of Deputies and Senate in passing a law automatically to convert a decree of separation into a divorce at the end of three years, when either party requests it, is significant of the trend of modern civilized opinion. Divorce has never been obtainable in France except during the revolution and the reign of Napoleon until within the last twenty years. But now the nation deliberately makes divorce so easy that no married person dissatisfied with his or her condition need continue in it.

In a recent newspaper interview Bishop Samuel Fallows of Chicago maintained, on scriptural and scientific grounds, that 120 years were the natural duration of human life. Leaving out of view the scriptural argument, of which he is the best judge, it must be admitted that his scientific reasoning

is simple, if not conclusive. The rule in the animal kingdom, he says, is that the lifetime of an animal is six times the period of its maturity. By way of illustration, the dog, he says, reaches its maturity in one and a half years, and its lifetime is nine years. Then he argues that as a man reaches his maturity in twenty years his natural lifetime is 120 years. And certainly, if the bishop's premises are right, his reasoning seems to be conclusive, though it constitutes the greatest indictment that could be framed against the living habits of the human race. The rule of nature, however, on which it rests admits of an important elaboration. The age of maturity is different, not only in different species but in different individuals of the same species, and its relation to longevity is as obvious in individuals as in species. It would be interesting to know—though probably it can never be exactly known—how widely the age of maturity in human beings varies. The mind and body do not appear in all cases to mature at the same age, but judging by the growth of the body, which is visible, it is obvious that there must be a difference of several years in the age of maturity. Some would say that the mind matures ten years sooner in some human beings than in others. This principle is useful not only in forming an estimate of the probable duration of life, but in determining what ought to be expected of people at a given age. It will hardly be questioned that precocious people, like Lord Macaulay, John Fiske and President W. R. Harper, rarely live to a great age. And perhaps they might live longer if they realized that, having matured quickly, they have not naturally the same lease of life as those who mature more slowly. The greatest use of the principle, however, is in judging of the capacity and intellectual needs of immature minds. There are cases in which a young person is unnecessarily discouraged in regard to his intellectual powers and progress because age deceives him, and he does not reflect that he has not yet reached maturity. Still more frequently does it happen that in the work of teaching the young the age is consulted more than the development.

LETTERS BETTER UNWRITTEN.

Illustration of Trouble that Can Be Made with the Pen.

The dog-eared aphorism, "Never write a letter and never destroy one," has double vindication in Lady Randolph Churchill's second installment of her experiences in English society. This American lady, born Jerome, introduces a private note that former Premier Balfour wrote to her when he was secretary for Ireland. Mr. Balfour expresses regret that he "must remain on the 'beastly' treasury bench." The letter is calculated to raise the "green-eyed monster" for this distinguished lady's present husband, young Cornwallis-West.

The afterward premier confesses that he would preferably be at her side, playing Wagner duets on the harpsichord—it is quite irregular to say piano in dear old London, unless you add the word forte thereto and call the instrument a "pianoforte"—than holding down his job. Ye gods! Balfour wasn't alone in his preference for the most interesting woman in England! Very well I remember her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill, a "younger son" of the Duke of Marlborough, and the handsome, clever woman that she became and the large figure that she cut in London society solely by her brightness and her wit. Of course, Leonard Jerome's money gave to her the fine place she soon secured for herself, for my American friends must know that the position of a young son in a noble family is but little short of humiliating. Unless that man has superlative genius, like the younger Pitt or Lord Curzon, he is absolutely nobody.

But there was a time in which Lord Randolph promised to achieve greatness. Had he not contracted a fatal disease that made his life a burden to him, he would have eventually attained the summit of his own and his American wife's ambition.

The magazine articles promise to stir up several serious rows. Mrs. West has a long list of grievances against the people in London society who petted and cozened her while her husband was alive, but suddenly dropped her after his decease. In the forcible but inelegant language of Benjamin Harris Brewster when referring to members of the Philadelphia bar who made sport of his misfortune in having been scarred by a fire when a child, Lady Churchill "knew the dastards well." She is publishing her memoirs while yet living, so that she may gloat over the struggles of her victims upon the "roasting" spit of literature. When the volume appears, I am credibly informed that it will bear the famous Spanish motto: "Guerra al cuchillo" (war to the knife). Many things that are too fervid for magazine pages will find place in the bound book.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Napoleon as a Reader.

Napoleon was a reader—persistent, omnivorous, indefatigable. By the camp fire and in his traveling carriage, in his temporary staff office or his own bedroom his favorite volumes were ever kept within easy reach.—Reader Magazine.

Proud of His Ancestors.

Bill—What in the world do you suppose makes whales blow so much? Jill—Why, didn't you ever hear that Jonah story?—Yonkers Statesman.

About the first thing a child learns in this strenuous old world is how not to behave.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

To-day we have journeyed far,
My heart and I;
Came home at dusk 'neath a star
Hung keen and high.

The morn was a blade of steel—
Scabbard of white—
Bonnie and brave to feel
In burnished light.

As we footed the open road
We sang the sun;
Love was the debt we owed
The day begun.

The hills were abrupt and blue—
Castles of kings,
To be won and wandered through
For precious things.

Noon and the long afternoon—
Gladness and hope—
And a shadow that walked too soon
The westward slope.

So is the wild world won
By them who roam;
But best of the day that is done—
The door of home.

—Emery Pottle, in Success Magazine.

THE REVERIE

Some occult power drove away the reverie that gripped him. He awoke with a start and discovered that he was five stations beyond his destination. He also discovered a pair of most interesting brown eyes staring at him and a quizzical smile dimpling the features of an exceedingly pretty young woman.

He quickly crossed the car and seated himself by her side.

"I have come five stations too far," he said, as he took her hand.

"I thought you were going too far," she said, laughing quietly. "And your face! Why, you seemed to be in a trance."

"I guess I was. I was thinking of something, and even now I am not collected enough to know whether I had



YOU SEEMED TO BE IN A TRANCE.

dozed away and was dreaming, or whether I was—what shall I say?—dopey."

"And the dream—or 'dope,' as you call it?"

"It's too long to relate now. It might interest you, though. If—"

"Surely. Some other time. Say to-morrow evening?"

"I shall be delighted."

"Come in time for dinner."

He left the train at the next station. The next evening they sat in a cozy parlor in an uptown apartment house. A pause followed a half hour's conversation on commonplace matters.

"And now," she said, suggestively, "now will we have the recital of your wanderings in the subway train?"

He laughed lightly.

"I was just thinking of that," he said. "I was wondering how to start my story. I guess I had better begin where I boarded the train. Will you stop me when I begin to bore?"

"You won't be tiresome—you never were."

He smiled at the naive compliment.

"I boarded the train at Brooklyn bridge," he began. "There was a jam of people, but I managed to find a seat by the window. I remember mentally commenting on the terrible roar in the subway and its probable effect upon the hearing organs of New Yorkers. I don't know how far I had gone before there was a silence that seemed to reach out and out, over a great distance of land. And when I was out of the subway fields and hills stretched before me and the longer I saw them the more familiar they became. A long, dusty road climbed a knobby hill, and, somehow, I was driving over this road, as real and lifelike as I am sitting here."

"My mind was transformed. Business cares were brushed away as dust is brushed from a picture frame or mantelpiece. The tinkle of cowbells in the distance lost their metallic clank and sounded sweet and musical—the vespers of the farm land."

"As I drove up the hill I knew that in the hollow on the other side I'd find a great, rambling white house. On the summit I drew rein, searched with my eyes the long veranda and saw a girl in a white dress. She waved at me. I was to drive her to a dance about six miles across country. Doesn't this strike you as being most unreasonably rambling?"

The young woman, who was listening intently, started, dropped a fan with which she had been toying, recovered herself and smiled.

"Not at all," she said. "Please go on."

"I can't go on alone, for the little girl with the white dress is now with me, you know. We made good time to the house where the dance was held. It was a beautiful ride, too, through two lines of ambitious katy-dids and other night insects. I remember we talked about the habit of some birds an insects singing only at night. The girl in the white dress set me to thinking by remarking that night time seemed to be sweetly sorrowful, and so was the best time for song. I recall that I thought about it at the time and remembered that it was true that there was more singing in the evening than any other part of the day."

"Well, it was only a minute or two until we were in the farm house, dancing, laughing, enjoying ourselves. Somehow I don't remember of having heard laughter that meant as much as that heard at a country dance."

"And the music—you know there wasn't much to that music; just two fiddles and a bass fiddle sawing away, but somehow there was lightning in it. We danced, the little girl in white and I. Her cheeks and lips were glowing and her eyes seemed to have stolen the glow from the lamps. Once a curl on her head touched my cheek. I—why, I can't begin to tell you how real it all was."

"Then came the ride over the starlit road, with the wild crab apple blossoms scattering incense before us, with the night birds singing in harmony with the song in my heart. The moon dropped lower and lower toward the fringe of trees on the ridge, and I was just wishing that I might ride on like that forever, for it seemed that the little girl in white must have felt herself tiny and frightened in the big, still night, for she unconsciously nestled close to me."

"I did not want to release her hand when I left her at the door to the big white house; I did not want to take my eyes away from her, and, as I drove toward home, somehow the night was black and lonesome and there were no pictures in the shadows of beauty in the yellow light of the moon. When I unhitched my horse and turned him out to pasture I stood for a long time, with the bridle in my hand and leaning against a corn crib. When at last I slowly walked to the house I knew that something had come into my life—I loved the little girl in the white dress. I had known for a long time that I cared for her greatly, but I never before knew how much."

"I guess I must have been passing the first station beyond my stopping place," he laughed, interrupting a story he realized was being told in a voice growing more and more fervent and passionate.

"With a suddenness that seemed perfectly reasonable to me, I found myself the day after the dance talking to the old gentleman who owned the white house; of hearing him advise me not to hope to win the hand of the little girl; of hearing how, since oil had made the old man rich, his girl would not be married to any man in the farm land. Her's was to be a grand social success. After that the dear old familiar places no longer held beauty. The country was as dreary to me as if it had been swept by war or something else."

"And then—and then I woke up," he said, laughing, jerkily, awkwardly.

She rose, went to the window, looking into the street.

"And the rest?" She did not turn and she spoke softly.

He arose and stood just behind her.

"I need not tell you who was the little girl in white," he continued, speaking quickly and impulsively. "She has been before me ever since I left my home and came to New York. She was before me even after I heard she was engaged to marry Sam Willets. I cursed the fate that brought about a discovery of oil on my own land after it was too late. Wealth was nothing to me without the girl in the white dress."

"But—but you never told the girl in the white dress?"

"No," he said bitterly. "I didn't. That was a great mistake, but I was a simple-hearted fellow in those days. I thought the decision of her father ended my hopes."

"And Sam Willets? He did not marry?"

"No," he interrupted hastily. "I don't know why, but I have often thought that she would discover that her nature would not harmonize with his as soon as she saw him continually."

"Shall we—shall we go back there in a more substantial manner than in reverie—you and I?" he pleaded, wistfully and tenderly.

She did not answer, but slowly, tenderly, she extended her hands.

"Poor father," she said, "he told me before he died. He was sorry, very sorry, that sudden wealth had so nearly upset his better sense. He wanted—well, just this," she said impulsively, her head resting lovingly on his shoulder.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Her Blunder.

Him—And I'm the only man you ever loved?

Her—Yes, dearest.

Him—May I speak to your father?

Her—I suppose you'd better.

Him—I wonder how he'll take it.

Her—Oh, I never can tell about dad.

He treats some of the boys very nicely, and at others he gets fearfully angry, and—why what's the matter, George?—Cleveland Leader.

Ever see a screen that you were not overwhelmed with a desire to know what is behind it?

ASPHALT WORK IN VENEZUELA IS A BONE OF CONTENTION.



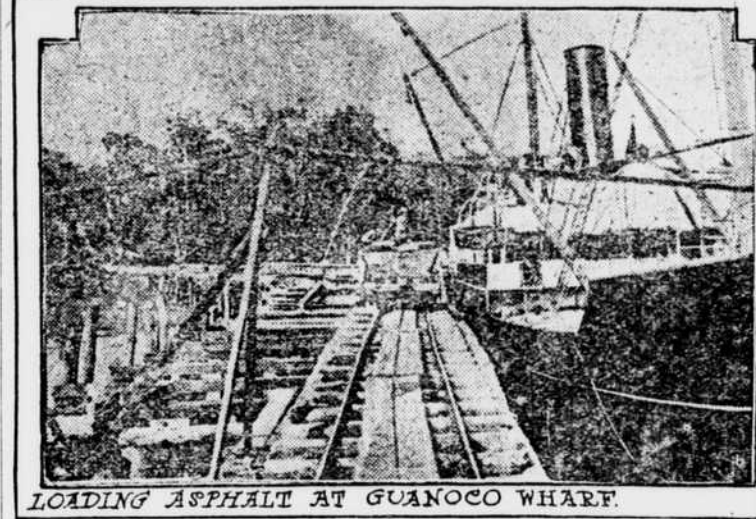
BERMUDEZ PITCH LAKE, VENEZUELA.



HOW THE PITCH IS TAKEN FROM THE LAKE.



OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK AND BERMUDEZ CO.



LOADING ASPHALT AT GUANOCO WHARF.

PREDICT WAR WITH AMERICA.

Venezuelan Officials See Only One Outcome of Asphalt Rev.

War with the United States over fifty miles of swamp land is predicted by leading Venezuelan officials. The strip was under control of the asphalt trust until the beginning of the long series of difficulties that now may end in a contest with America.

All the turmoil, bloodshed, revolution and international controversies have their origin in this speck of territory. Upon its proper development depends the wealth of the nation; for it is the natural outlet for all the resources of a country so rich in the earth's treasures that the dreams of a Pizarro might be realized. It was granted to the asphalt trust with the agreement that it would be developed. Canals were to be dug so that the boats could sail up the river to the gold mines, the silver mines, the oil wells and the rich coffee plantations. Railroads were to have been built. One of the Venezuelan government's principal complaints against the American asphalt trust is that it never fulfilled any of these promises.

The district has remained impoverished because undeveloped. Its 3,000,000 people were poor because they could not get their wealth sold. The railroads and the canals promised never materialized into anything better than mule caravans and canoes. The customs which composed the chief income to the national treasury fell off, for the asphalt was free of duty.

Then the temper of this mixed race of Spanish, negroes, and natives reached the boiling point. They hated these 4,000 white men and their trust greed. They made life dangerous for the foreigners. Suits were filed in the shabby courts of the country to try to get back the asphalt wealth given away. Castro found he was fighting the most expert trust lawyers, men who knew other tricks besides those of the courts. Revolutionary leaders took advantage of the turmoil to start internal troubles. Everybody in Venezuela believes that the Matas rebellion was financed by the trust—and all Venezuelans insist that it was Castro's duty to the people to dispossess the trust.

Meanwhile this land of wonderful wealth lies like a shining diamond in a hill of sand. Its Brazil wood, coral trees, indigo, rubber, bananas remain in the forest. Its gold and silver and copper and marble and granite are still in the earth, valueless to Venezuela and the commercial world.

SEEING LINCOLN IN 1863.

How a Private Soldier Attended a White House Reception.

It was in the spring of 1863, when I was stopping for a while in Washington, says a contributor to the Boston Transcript. I attended, one day, a reception at the White House. The rooms were, of course, crowded with officers of the army, legislators and representatives of foreign courts in great abundance. Mr. Lincoln held his receptions in the blue room, opposite the main entrance. For a long time the passage to him was crowded, but later the crowd thinned out about him, so

that he had short spaces of rest. I had been wandering around, and at last found myself close to the main entrance. Soon I saw a common soldier come up to the hall. He was an exceedingly rough looking specimen. His clothes were worn and soiled, his boots outside his trousers, dirty beyond degree. You could hardly conceive a more unfit person to enter that great crowd. He evidently had a great desire to see the President, but knew his unfitness to enter. But it was not long before he mustered courage to push his way under the cover of others well into the hall.

Noting the anxious yearning look on his face, I became interested to watch his movements and note the result. It was not very long before I observed that Mr. Lincoln had an eye on him, as he chanced to come near the door of the reception room. Once and again I saw his eye search out this soiled and belpattered soldier with the most tender look. Then came a more vacant space between the two. At length Mr. Lincoln, with an enormous stride and a long outreaching arm, advanced, grasped this soldier by the hand, with a greeting that must have been seen and heard to be fully understood: "Come forward, my friend; we are all equal here."

With this hand grasp and welcome Mr. Lincoln's attention was turned elsewhere but I can remember no other incident that thrilled me as did that little scene. And the effect of it upon the soldier—it seemed to transform him in a moment. What a new manliness it put into his face and attitude. In a few moments he was gone, but it was plain that from that hour Mr. Lincoln had at least one man in his army who was ready to give his life to help Mr. Lincoln save the cause for which both of them were toiling and sacrificing. And it seemed at the moment that I could easily do the same.

A Marriage Fiction.

The little fiction obtains that marriages are made in heaven. This romantic viewpoint is particularly popular in America, where it is held to be highly improper for parents to make any move toward securing good husbands for their daughters and immodest for girls to manifest any interest in the subject themselves.

The conventional theory is that the matter is on the knees of the gods and that in due season husbands will be provided like manna in the wilderness for sustenance of the faithful. Unfortunately this miracle does not always come off for every woman. The supply of manna gives out. There are not enough husbands to go around, and these are unevenly divided. Some women get three or four, while others get none. But neither the old maid nor their parents realize that the reason that they did not share in the dispensation was their own fault, because they did not put themselves, as old fashioned Methodists used to say, in an attitude to receive the blessing.—Dorothy Dix, in Ainslee's.

Maple Syrup.

Maple syrup which has fermented and become sour can be freshened by heating to the boiling point and adding a little soda. Stir thoroughly, then skim.



PRES. CASTRO OF VENEZUELA

ZUNI INDIAN BASKETS.

Made by Expert Women and Colored to Suit Intended Use.

The Zuni Indians make great use of baskets, especially in connection with grinding flour. They commonly employ for this purpose coiled baskets which they obtain by trade from the Apache and Plute, and value highly. They, themselves, manufacture wicker baskets which are not much esteemed. The industry is entirely confined to women. They employ an awl of deer bone, and use some six kinds of willow, which they make into circular trays and bowls, tsil-lal. One kind, salt willow, is used for baskets to hold paper bread in the house, the willow giving it a salt flavor, and another kind, "smooth" willow, for baskets to hold bread at meals; white and yellow willow baskets are used for corn meal; those of red willow as colanders for washing wheat and hominy, and those of mak-tsu-ts as sieves for wheat and beans. White willow baskets are painted with white clay, stained red, yellow or black with native dyes or now dyed with aniline dyes, for use in dances. Either white willow, or all the different kinds of willow mixed together, are employed for this purpose. Sacred baskets, thall-nal, are used to hold plumbe sticks and masks.

The women have a dance in the fall, called Ah-yuna, in which they use baskets painted with different colors. It is said that the name is Pima, and that the dance, which is to secure rain, was brought to Zuni not many years ago by two old men who visited the Pima with Mr. Cushing. An inverted painted basket, corresponding with the box or gourd resonator of the Hopi, is put under the notched stick, ki-wi-a-nan-nal, which is scraped with a stick as an accompaniment to dances.

The Zuni also manufacture small, globular baskets of salt willow in which they collect locusts used as food. Panniers to carry peaches, melons, cucumbers and other fruit are made of red willow. Twilled baskets of yucca, similar to those seen at other pueblos, are used to dip up salt from the Salt lake. The art of making these baskets, which are called ho-tsil-lal, was learned from Acoma. The Zuni also make a rectangular twilled tray of the same material, with an edge of cedar or oak, which they use to put paper bread on, or to lay long plumbe sticks or images upon at the yellow and blue corn dances. Swallowing sticks were formerly placed upon such trays at the stick-swallowing dance.

The Zuni formerly had a number of old coiled globular and jar-shaped baskets, the origin of which is not definitely known. The pitch-covered water bottles, which they use come from the White Mountain Apache or the Navajo.

The Old Masters.

"I make more money in a day than Michael Angelo made in a month," said a popular illustrator. "I've been studying up the wages those old chaps got. It is amazing."

"Michael Angelo was paid \$40 a month while doing the cartoons of the battle of Pisa, and Leonardo, who helped him, got the same rate. They were both docked for lateness and off days, but there was no overtime allowance. Correggio got for his 'Christ in the Garden' \$725. Caracci's 'Resurrection' only brought the painter \$6.50. Albert Durer for his pen and ink portraits was not paid in cash. A bag of flour, a hundred oysters, a pair of boots—Durer would gladly do your portrait on such a system of remuneration."

"Rembrandt's top notch price was \$475. He got that for his 'Night Watch.'"

"Velasquez worked chiefly for the Spanish government. He was paid at the average rate of \$35 a picture. 'Thoke of It! Thirty-five dollars for the 'Rokeby Venus!'"—Minneapolis Journal.

Worse than Foolish.

The man who forgets his friends may be ungrateful. The one who forgets his enemies is foolish.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1190—Mahomet II. besieged Constantinople.

1578—William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, born.

1644—Maisonrouge defeated the Iroquois at the Place d'Armes, Montreal.

1785—Field Marshal Viscount Hardinge, an early governor general of India, born in England.

1806—Joseph Bonaparte made King of the Two Sicilies.

1814—Napoleon Bonaparte sent in exile to island of Elba.

1833—Treasury buildings at Washington destroyed by fire.

1843—Sir Charles Metcalfe appointed governor of Canada.

1847—Covent Garden theater, London, opened for Italian opera.

1854—Commercial treaty concluded with Japan by Commodore Perry of the United States navy.

1855—Planet Circe discovered by M. Chacornac.

1856—Treaty of Paris, ending the Crimean war.

1858—British force under Sir Hugh Rose defeated the Indian mutineers and took the city of Jhansi.

1862—Gen. Albert S. Johnston of the Confederate army killed at Shiloh. Born 1803.

1865—Confederates evacuated Richmond. Federal troops occupied Richmond, Va. United States transport General Lyon burned with great loss of life.

1896—First national encampment of the G. A. R. met at Indianapolis. Spanish fleet bombarded Valparaiso, Chile.

1897—United States bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000.

1898—Uniform postage rate of 3 cents per letter adopted throughout Canada.

1885—Battleford, in Saskatchewan, besieged by Indians.

1891—Baron Fava, Italian minister to the United States, recalled.

1898—China leased Wei-Hai-Wei to Great Britain.

1902—Large section of Atlantic City destroyed by fire.

1905—Explosion in a cartridge factory at Bridgeport, Conn., resulted in a number of deaths. Simpson tunnel formally opened.

1907—Fred A. Busse, Republican, elected Mayor of Chicago.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Supt. Maxwell of the New York City Board of Education, in his annual report urges the formation of a department of school hygiene. Such a department, he thinks, should be under the direction of a medical man, who would rank as an associate superintendent, and who should have a sufficient number of physicians to examine all the children in the public schools at least once a year, and a sufficient number of nurses to visit the homes of sick children and to care for slight ailments in school. He says that New York is the noisiest city in the world and that children lack a proper amount of sleep. Owing to crowded quarters in the tenements and in some of the public schools as well many children are crippled by lowered vitality, defective sight, defective teeth and other evils, many of which could be overcome. The report says that there are 158,496 pupils in the schools over normal age; in other words, they are backward in their lessons because of physical defects.

The National Civic Federation has made arrangements to send 500 or more public school teachers next fall to England, Scotland, Ireland and the continent to inspect the system of teaching and school methods generally in foreign countries. This idea was suggested by the success of a similar expedition of English teachers to the United States in 1905-6. The teachers who make this trip will have an opportunity to examine at first hand what is being done for children abroad, both in the common schools and in the special schools. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university has been appointed chairman of an advisory committee to carry the plan through. In this connection it may be noted that Mr. Butler has accepted the invitation of the University of Copenhagen to deliver three lectures there next September, the subject matter of the lectures to be "Some Aspects of American Civilization." He will leave for Denmark in August, returning in time for the opening of college next fall.

Chancellor Dewitt C. Huntington of the Nebraska Wesleyan university at Lincoln has tendered his resignation, and it was accepted by the board of trustees with the understanding that Chancellor Huntington shall remain until the end of the school year.

At Chippewa Falls, Wis., Supt. Swartz ordered the members of the Greek letter fraternity Alpha Delta Omega to disband the organization or suffer expulsion from school. He declared that no secret organization of pupils would be tolerated. The members promised to heed the warning.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair. But first of all, stop your hair from coming out. Save what you have. Ayer's Hair Vigor will not disappoint you. It feeds the hair-bulbs; makes weak hair strong.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Preserving Orange Juice.

While oranges are still in market a store of orange juice may be put up for use in the summer's punch bowl. A sweet, pleasant cordial is made from the juice of the sour orange. The usual formula is to add three gallons of water to one of the sour orange juice, and then three pounds of white sugar to each gallon of the liquid. After fermentation, bottle and lay aside for a few months before using. For the unfermented juice, allow to each quart of juice a pint of sugar and a cup of water. If very sour a little more sugar may be required. Bring to a good seal bottle hot and seal.

Rice Waffles

Soften a cup of boiled rice with the yolks of three eggs and two tablespoonsful of melted butter. Alternately add two cupfuls of milk and one and one-half of flour, into which a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder has been mixed, and lastly the beaten whites. The waffles are baked quickly over a good fire in an iron thoroughly heated. Dust with powdered sugar and serve at once with maple sugar or with jelly.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Sweetbreads in Ramekins.

Blanch two pairs of sweetbreads, and when cold chop very fine, removing all bits of skin or gristle. Rub smooth with a gill of cream and then whip in gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs. Season with salt and pepper and beat until very light. Put the mixture into greased ramekins, set these in a pan of hot water and bake until "set." Serve in the ramekins.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

All hope of making a good cook out of a girl is lost when she commences writing Margaret "Marguerite."

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Get it! It's Family Pills are the best.

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St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

At Last.

Editor—So this joke is absolutely original with you?
Humorist—It is.

Editor—Well, now isn't that interesting? For years and years I have wished that some day I could see the originator of that joke.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elivar of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine
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CALIFORNIA
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SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
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From New Zealand comes the following weird yarn:
"The tohunga (native magician) was

MANKIND'S FIRST DOCTORS.

In the Old Days Healers "Scared the Devil" Out of Patients.

"If the folks of the present day had to undergo some of the treatment that our forebears of almost forgotten ages had to contend with when they were invalids, they wouldn't be so much growling about the medicines that were prescribed for them now," said the intelligent pharmacist, who is out again after a long siege of the grip.

"What were the usual doses then?" he was asked.

"Well, I can't believe there were any that could be called favorites," replied the druggist, "but the books tell us that before the days of the great father of medicine, Hippocrates, when a man became afflicted with any sort of disorder the astrologists and fetic men and others of that ilk who doctored their fellow humans, almost always diagnosed the sickness as the production of the devil, or some other evil spirit, who had taken possession and acquired an occupancy of the sick man's corporeal frame, and had to be driven out by other devils, specters and apparitions, and these medicine men generally had an assortment of demons on hand to do the business. They acted on the homeopathic principle, similia similibus curantur, or, in plain English: 'Like things are cured by like things.' So the doctors of those days and of the earliest monuments alike goes to indicate that of sick people, and let imagination do the rest, and it was not until the great Grecian introduced and promulgated a sound system of medicine that these early doctors retired from practice.

"I know to-day of sensible people who wear charms and amulets to guard them against any kinds of evil, and actually have faith in their efficacy. Of course, that comes within the range of superstition—at least, that is my individual opinion—but it is widespread.

even credited with the power of influencing the dead. The present writer was a witness of the following incident: A branch of the Arawas, the tribe of the district of Rotorua, being at war, had suffered defeat, and one of their braves had been brought home dead. The vanquished sought at once to find out by some omen connected with the dead chief whether they would be successful in their next encounter. The tohunga was requested to procure the desired omen, the people squatting in a ring about the bier. Advancing a few paces from the dead body, the priest began to recite a powerful incantation, intent on making the deceased give some sign, the eyes of all present being fixed on the slain warrior. Presently the corpse was observed to move slightly to one side, on which a great cry of joy rose from the people. The movement was interpreted as a sign of future victory. This feat was often performed by the tohunga of olden times."—Chicago News.

MEN OF EARLIER AGES.

Were They the Mental Peers of the Men of Today?

The general idea that our enormous advances in science and command over nature serve as demonstrations of our mental superiority to the men of earlier ages is totally unfounded. The evidence of history and of the earliest monuments alike goes to indicate that our intellectual and moral nature has not advanced in any perceptible degree. In the second place, we find that the supposed great mental inferiority of savages is equally unfounded. The more they are sympathetically studied the more they are found to resemble ourselves in their inherent intellectual powers.

Even the so long despised Australian savages, almost the lowest in material progress, yet show by their complex

TRANSFORMATIONS IN DRESS.



Eugenie-like down to the waist, this dame shows skirts of four periods. The Empressque snugness of to-day is labeled 1908, while the slightly larger size dates to 1900. In 1890 there was apparently quite a spread, while 1800 takes one to the height of the hoopskirt period and Eugenie in all her glory.

I know a man in this very town, a rather intelligent man at that, who keeps constantly in his pocket a horse chestnut to keep away rheumatism. That man never had the rheumatism in his life, but his best friend couldn't induce him to throw away the chestnut. "Some of these amulets of the ages that have gone are very curious propositions. One, the preparation of which was attributed to one of the early popes, was a preparation of dried toad, arsenic, pearl, tragacanth and other ingredients, and was in its time worn by people around their necks, and never removed. During the cholera plague in London, people wore arsenic amulets as measures of precaution, and a favorite method of driving away chills and fever at one time was to wear a necklace of spiders.

"Where is the person who has not some regard for a cast-off horseshoe? At one time a horseshoe was frequently nailed over the doors of houses to keep off witches. Now they are regarded by thousands of folks as good luck charms. All this shows where imagination is at work.

"Coming back strictly to medicines, I can say that in my time, and I have dispensed drugs for more than a third of a century, the doses administered by physicians are greatly changed. The big heavy boluses our fathers used to take have been relegated to the rear, and, as a general thing, the doctors put fewer ingredients into the compounds they prescribe. All the old medicines that our ancestors used to believe in are with us in stock, but rarely are they called for. In another half century there is bound to be a new school of medical administration, but I won't be here to make a note of it."

New Zealand Magic.

When some men start out to look for the deserving poor their first stop is in front of a mirror.

CASTORIA

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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JOB WORK
This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

The quest of the paper manufacturers for spruce timber from which to obtain the raw material for the manufacture of their product, should receive the prompt attention of the local Chamber of Commerce. In all the world there is probably not another section which presents so many natural advantages as are lying, waiting, around Wrangell. Timber, oceans of it; water-power, more than enough at various places; water, the purest in the world from fields of eternal snow; sites for building, only a question of cutting away the timber; shipping and docking facilities, as good as can be had. In Mill Creek alone, this section has a veritable mint, if some company which would utilize the stream's awful power can but learn of it. At lowest water there is enough water falling down this stream to run all the paper mills on the Pacific Coast. And there are dozens of smaller streams in a radius of twelve miles from town that would furnish ample power for one large mill. It will only be a very few years until the paper mills will be compelled to look to Alaska for the spruce and cottonwood for pulp, and Wrangell being, nearest to the hundred upon hundreds of acres of cottonwood along the Stikine River, should lay her plans NOW and put forth, NOW, her every effort to "land" a mill or two or a dozen. Indifference will not draw enterprise, and the thing for Wrangell to do is to exert her

self in this matter. Each mill means a big monthly payroll; and payrolls build cities.

If those trap fishermen whom Inspector Cobb caught in the very act of fishing during a supposedly closed period are brought to trial, there is little doubt that their guilt will be established. There are no extenuating circumstances that can be pleaded. The violation of a law for the protection of fish is just as much a violation as burglary. If these men plead ignorance of the law their punishment should be all the more severe, as no man has any right to engage in an industry without knowing and obeying the laws provided for the government of that industry. It has been customary for the fishermen to violate the law with impunity, and Judge Gunnison will now have an excellent opportunity of making a good example of the fish-hog felons in question. They should be given the full limit of the penalty provided. Otherwise the law is a travesty, and should be abolished.

The case of Mr. Barge, the fisherman who was compelled last week to throw overboard several hundred salmon on account of the failure of the cannery carrier to call for them, is but one of many like cases in Alaska, and measures should be taken to put a stop to it. When a cannery agrees to call for the fishermen's catch, and fails to do so, it should be punished for a violation of the law which forbids the wanton waste of salmon.

With all due respect to the town council, it seems to us as but poor economy not to provide a suitable two-wheeled cart for moving that big extension fire ladder. This ladder is a pretty heavy "lug" for two men, and while it will only be necessary to use it on one or two of the taller buildings, it can be wheeled easier and quicker than carried. And quickness in getting to a fire is half the battle.

The tactics adopted by the Corson outfit for the purpose of injuring Mr. Cale are well known, and will cost them a good many honest votes which they would have received had they conducted their campaign fairly and squarely. There are a good many voters in Alaska who do not believe in rottenness—even in politics.

Seek and ye shall find. Knock and nothing shall be opened unto you.—Philistine.

If you don't like anything you see in this paper, let us know in a letter containing a two-dollar bill—the price of a year's subscription. Otherwise it's none of your darned business. Savvy?

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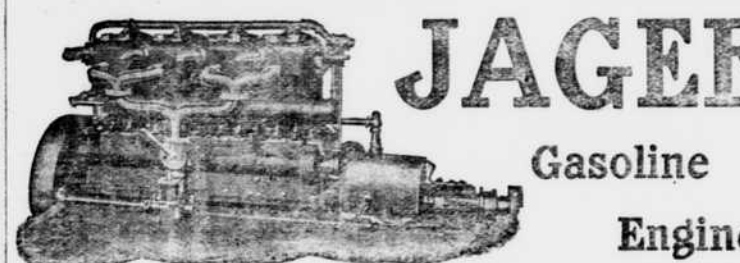
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WRANGELL

(Continued from last week.)

The Dirt Glacier, so named on account of the quantity of debris with which its surface is covered, is ten miles further up the river.

The Flood Glacier, at the Barley Cache, sixteen miles above the latter point, is the last seen going up the Stikine, and like the last two glaciers mentioned, comes down to the river flats. Every few years a great rush of water occurs from the valley of this glacier, hence the name "Flood." This is supposed to arise from the blocking up by the glacier of some lateral valley in which is formed a lake that from time to time breaks through the glacier dam. The quantity of water thus liberated is large enough to flood the river for a short time.

LECONTE GLACIER

Another glacier, which comes out on tide water twenty miles from Wrangell, and known as Leconte Glacier, being still in an active condition and in unusually romantic surroundings, has attracted for the sight-seer that even excel the famous Mair Glacier or any of those mentioned above. It is situated a short distance north of the Stikine River, three miles up a narrow inlet with majestic scenery and rugged peaks on every side, and discharges into the sea great blocks of ice that run aground in fifty fathoms. On account of the depth of water at the mouth of the inlet being but two and a half fathoms, these icebergs never reach the open sea, but are soon ground to pieces by the force of one pressing against the other, which operation in itself would be worth coming a long way to see. One spur of the glacier, from which the lower part has calved away, projects and overhangs high above the level of the water, making a scene most impressive and grand for those adventurous enough to examine it at close range. Thunder Falls, close to the glacier, form a beautiful cascade that drops about three thousand feet almost without a break. Geese and ducks are plentiful in the vicinity. Hundreds of seals dot the ice and disport themselves in the scummy inlet. There is a fearful old Indian story that seals have been supposed, in past times, to make their way up a passage underneath the glacier, coming out on the Stikine river fifty miles from its mouth, where seals are often seen. Luxuriant vegetation grows up to the foot of the glacier, near which there is a small side stream with a narrow neck of land that would make an ideal location for a summer hotel or a camp from which visitors would have leisure to examine the natural beauties of the place and climb all the neighboring mountains. From the summits overlooking the glacier the ice fields can be seen stretching away inland, with mountain tops jutting out here and there to the end of the horizon.

Gasoline launches can be hired at Wrangell at from \$25 to \$50 per round trip, to take parties over to the glacier. Arrangements should be made for same in advance.

FISHING AND SHOOTING

Excellent fishing with a fly and rod can be had at Fat's Creek eight miles from Fat's Creek, ten miles, or Mulletstream nine miles distant from town, also near the mouth of the Stikine, from which limits of 500 pounds of trout are sometimes taken and brought in for market. For the serious fisherman, the river and its quick shooting on the Stikine side, and at other points varying from ten to fifty miles from town, can not be excelled anywhere. The country simply swarms with wild fish in the fall of the year, and even all throughout the winter a few geese and ducks can be seen.

Deer abound on the surrounding islands. An average marksman need never come back disappointed.

Guides and boats for fishing and shooting can be had at reasonable cost at any time.

(To be continued.)